

## What a Pleasant Surprise by Jancys\_Blue\_Bayou

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**Summary:**

“Jonathan! What a pleasant surprise.”

Surprise indeed. Pleasant? Maybe not. He realizes he's stopped dead in his tracks, like a deer caught in headlights.

## What a Pleasant Surprise

### Author's Note:

Prompt: "Karen Wheeler saying 'What a pleasant surprise!' when she sees Jonathan. That is all."

"Jonathan! What a pleasant surprise."

Surprise indeed. Pleasant? Maybe not. He realizes he's stopped dead in his tracks, like a deer caught in headlights. He stares at his girlfriend's mother for what feels like an eternity but it can't be that long surely since she hasn't said anything else? She's just standing further down the hall, smiling politely with Holly on her hip. He finally realize that he should probably say something too.

"Hi, Mrs. Wheeler..." Good start. He wonders if it's obvious what he's been... they've been doing, but he figures he should at least try to smooth it over with a lie. "Nancy's just in the bathroom we've been... studying. Big test on Monday."

He's praying so hard internally for Nancy to soon join him out here, that he almost misses Mrs. Wheeler's question.

"-at test?"

"Oh, uh, Algebra. It's 30 % of my grade too so, Nancy's been a big help."

That's actually not a lie, Nancy's actually been helping him with Algebra while she herself is acing Pre-Cal. Though she's not much of a help right now, he thinks. What happened to "Mike's at the Arcade, Dad's on a business trip and Mom is taking Holly shopping for a new winter coat so she'll be gone for a couple of hours"? And how long can it now take to "freshen up"? He feels like he's dying out here.

"Oh, well that's good. Are you hungry? Let's go downstairs, snacking always helped me study."

Mrs. Wheeler turns around and heads for the stairs and her words sounded a bit more like a command than a question so he follows.

“So how’s your mom?” Mrs. Wheeler asks as she leads the way towards the kitchen. As they pass through the living room he quickly darts to pick up Nancy’s bra he now spots discarded on the floor next to the couch where they had... begun. Hiding it behind his back he tries to remain composed.

“Uh good, she’s good.”

“Good, and your brother? I hope he’s feeling better, Mike mentioned something about a pretty serious flu?” Mrs. Wheeler keeps making small talk as she sets down Holly, the little girl immediately taking off to find her toys.

“Yeah, yeah he’s doing much better, thanks.”

“Good, I’m glad. Would you like something to drink?” She asks and gives him a glass of Ginger Ale before he has a chance to respond.

“Thank you,” he receives the glass and takes a drink.

“Hey Jon, have you seen my bra anywhe- oh god!”

Nancy cuts herself off and visibly recoils as she walks into the kitchen and sees her mother. Jonathan chokes on his drink and briefly wonders if he’s doomed to always do that after he and Nancy has sex.

Mrs. Wheeler’s eyes gets really big, almost bigger than Nancy’s beautiful doe eyes, as she looks between her daughter and Jonathan.

“Mom! I... didn’t think you’d be home so soon,” Nancy tries to recover.

“Oh... well pardon me then,” Mrs. Wheeler replies.

“I mean uh...” Nancy just stammers, for once not finding any words in the moment.

“I think we need to have a talk,” Mrs. Wheeler says firmly and gestures for them both to sit down at the kitchen table. Jonathan would gladly take another Demogorgon attack over this.

As Mrs. Wheeler briefly look away he quickly passes Nancy her bra.

She goes beatred as she takes it. He tries to communicate an S.O.S. with his eyes as they sit down. Nancy just takes his hand under the table and squeezes it.

“So. How long has this been going on?”